

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

VOL. 4.—NO. 29.]

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1855.

[WHOLE NO. 185.]

THE BANNER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
(Up stairs, in the Old Plymouth Hotel.)

BY WM. J. BURNS.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, ——— \$1.50
At the end of six months, ——— 2.00
At the end of a year, ——— 3.50
A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement, and the paper continued.
No paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid, unless the option of the Publisher.
The above terms will be strictly adhered to.

ADVERTISING.

(TEN LINES OR LESS MAKE A SQUARE.)
One square three insertions or less \$1.00.
Each additional insertion ——— .25c.
Business Cards inserted one year \$5.00.
Legal advertisements must be cash in advance or accepted security. Advertisements, time not marked, will be inserted till forbidden and charged at the above rates.

DIRECTORY.

CHARLES PALMER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and Hats & Caps.
N. S. McLAUGHLIN, Saddle and Harness Manufacturer, one door west of the corner in the Old Plymouth Hotel.
BROOKER & EVANS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Ready-made Clothing, corner Laporte & Mich. streets.
J. BROWNLEE & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, and Hats & Caps, east side Michigan street.
R. T. A. LEMON, Practising Physician, and Dealer in Drugs & Medicines, Oils, Paints & Groceries, east side Michigan street.
N. R. PACKARD, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Groceries and Provisions, east side Michigan street.
W. L. MATT, Chair & Cabinet maker, and Undertaker, Furniture room in north room of the Old Plymouth Hotel.
J. McANNEEL, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots & Shoes, and Shoe Findings, west side Michigan street.
O. M. BARNARD, Saddle & Harness Manufacturer, west side of Michigan street.
S. C. CLEVELAND, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Stoves, Tinware, & Hardware generally, west side Michigan street.
N. H. OGLEDEAR & Co., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery &c., in the Brick Store.
ROBERT RISK, Dealer in Family Groceries, Provisions and Tinware, Bakery attached, east side Michigan street.
ICE CREAM SALOON, M. H. Tibbitts proprietor, up stairs in the Brick Store.
F. RIMPLEY, Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Clothing and all kinds of Furnishing Goods, in Rusk's building.
WESTERVELT & HEWITT, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Ready-made Clothing &c.
H. R. PERSHING, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Glass & Groceries, Groceries, & ginger wine.
BROWN & BAXTER, Manufacturers of Tin Sheet Iron and Copperware, and Dealers in Stoves—sign of Tin Shop & Store.
C. H. REIVE, Atty. at Law, Collections, &c., personally attended to in Northern Indiana. Lands for sale cheap.
M. W. SMITH, Justice of the peace, will attend to business in the Circuit and Com. Pleas courts. Over the Post office.
D. R. SAM'L. HIGGINBOTHAM, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence on the east side of Michigan street.
JOHN COUGLE, Keeps a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Vegetables and Meats of all kinds. Cor. Gano & Mich. sts.
R. J. D. GRAY, Electric Physician, will attend to calls day or night. Office four doors north of C. H. Reive's residence.
ELLIOTT & CO. Wagon, Carriage & Plow Manufacturers, at their new stand at the south end of the Bridge, Michigan street.
D. R. BROWN, Physician and Surgeon, will personally attend to all calls in his profession. Office at his residence, south Plymouth.
L. A. JOSEPH, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, South Plymouth.
D. CHAS. WEST, Electric Physician, Office at his residence, east side Michigan street.
CHAS. KLINE, Clock and Watchmaker, and silversmithing generally. Up stairs in the Old Plymouth Hotel.
EDWARDS' HOTEL, Wm. C. Edwards Proprietor, corner of Michigan and Washington streets.
P. C. TURNER, House Carpenter & Joiner, Shop on Washington street, east of Michigan street.
A. K. BRIGGS, Horse Shoeing and Blacksmithing of all kinds done to order. Shop south east of Edwards' Hotel.
AMERICAN HOUSE, G. P. Cherry & Son Proprietors, South Plymouth.
A. BALDWIN, Manufactures and keeps on hand custom made Boots & Shoes; east side Michigan street.
JOHN SMITH, Manufacturer of Fine Custom made Boots. Shop next door south of Dr. Higginbotham's office.
JAMES & M. ELLIOTT Turners, Chair Makers, and Sign Painters, Michigan street, South Plymouth.
J. W. GILSON Cabinet Maker, Wheel Right, and Chair Maker, North Plymouth.
J. E. ARMSTRONG, attends to all calls in his line of Daguerreotyping, at his residence north of Edwards' Hotel.
M. H. PECHER & CO., Dealers in Family Groceries, Provisions, Confectionaries &c., South Plymouth.

In the Market.

WHEAT At the highest market prices, taken on subscription to the Banner, delivered at the office. July, 1855.
Agency.—C. S. THIBBS Esq., is our authorized agent to receive subscriptions and money due us, in Starke county. If.

DUTY—A TALE.

BY MRS. DINNIES, OF MO.

"Go my dearest Isabella, and take our darling Eva to visit her grandparents; for be assured you will then, as ever, be in the path of duty."

"I own it is an imperative duty, dear husband, and it would be a pleasure to visit my beloved parents after so long an absence, were it not for the separation from you, Edward. After five years of such happiness as we have enjoyed, how shall I bear to leave you? Indeed our married life seems but a delightful dream, for amid all your business, cares, and disappointments, your illness, and occasional dependency, never has the lamp of love burned dimly in your bosom, nor ceased to shed its beam of light and gladness upon your wife and child."

"Ah! dearest, I would call you a flatterer, but that I know it was impossible for any one ever to have been unkind to you; your own devoted affection and untiring attention to the wishes of your husband, would have called forth kindness from a stoic, Isabella! but enough of sentiment for the present—so let us make arrangements for the voyage, which must be made immediately if at this season."

But still Isabella hesitated—she felt strongly the desire to visit for the first time since she had left them, the parents whose only child she was, and present to their embraces her own young daughter, now glowing in the innocence and loveliness of four years' life; but it would be her first separation from her husband, and all the superstitions of a warm temperance, a deep, true, loving woman's heart rose up within her, whispered its fears and presentiments, and threw their shadow upon her spirits, and as she flung her arms around her husband and clinging to his bosom, consented to go without him on a long and perilous voyage."

"Oh, Edward," she exclaimed, "it seems as if one of us was about to die, and leave the other to all the horrors of a cold world—its cares, its sorrows, and its evils—while the aid which each has mutually rendered is to be withdrawn, and the heart left to bear its misery and gladness alone! There is a fearful weight upon my soul, and I vainly try to shake it off."

"Nonsense, Isabella! it is but a spice of your old romance clinging about you, even after five years' marriage; come, love cheer up, and prepare to start early in the morning—the steamer leaves at seven and the baggage must be on board to night, and do not forget to take your dog, Doug, and a journal—all you see, hear and feel must be transmitted to me."

And he tried to soothe and occupy her mind with bright themes. She saw his object, and said with a sad smile, "Well, dearest—wear this until we're reunited," and she flung around his neck a gold chain and locket, bearing the initials I. M., which she had worn in her girlhood.

On the morrow they parted. Isabella and her young daughter under the care of a trusty clerk of Delancy's was to go as far as New Orleans, and there be put under the protection of the captain of a British brig, bound for Belfast, near which city her parents resided.

Edward Delancy was a young man whose parents, having emigrated from New England when he was quite a child, settled at Natchez, Mississippi, and early becoming victims to the fever of the climate, bequeathed their son and a limited property to the care of a Catholic relative residing in that vicinity. This relative faithfully discharged his duty to the boy, by giving him every advantage which education could afford—and preparing him for the active pursuits of life, (to which from his small means he would be compelled to turn his attention) by rearing him in the principles of his own creed, and teaching him that a pure and practical religious faith was the basis on which he should build his future character.

He showed him that energy, perseverance, industry and decision, every noble aspiration, and every fixed principle must depend in an eminent degree upon the truth and purity of his religious belief—he proved to him that it would be his only shield amid the temptations of the world and afflictions of life—the only refuge to which he could look when the vicissitudes and disappointments to which all are equally subject upon earth, should leave him in old age, still seeking for that golden treasure of the mind, peace. He early impressed him with a sense of the responsibility and dignity of man, and inculcated the primitive idea, that "made in the image of his Creator," he should be careful to preserve this likeness, unimpaired by passion, vice or meanness, until returned to him from whom it came.

It is surprising then that, with such principles growing up and strengthening within him, Edward Delancy should at the age of twenty-one commence life as a noble and high-minded man as ever moved among his fellow men? With a strong desire to see the world, he soon persuaded himself that a voyage to Europe was necessary, for the advancement of the commercial business in which he was engaged. His friend and guardian, Mr. Selmer, smiled at the easiness of the reasoning, which ardent youth is ever so ready to enlist in behalf of its wishes, but as there was nothing wrong in the desire, he did not oppose it, but only added to his approval of the plan, one of those prudent considerations, which always present themselves to the mind of age. And when, in a little more than a twelve-month after leaving Natchez, Edward wrote that he had married a charming Irish girl, near Belfast, with whom

he was preparing to return home, the old gentleman remarked that, "with Edward's principles it would only be a stimulant to exertion to have encountered his young years with a wife, whose only dowry seemed to be her virtues and her love."

And so it had proved—Isabella Morland had left a home of tenderness and indulgence, in which she was the only child of parents who idolized her, and had given her strong and devoted affection to Edward Delancy. She had come with him with all the trust of guileless youth, to a strange land—parents, friends, home all were given in exchange for the love of one warm honorable heart. The ties of her childhood, the attachments of her youth, the admiration of all who had known her from infancy, seemed light sacrifices to lay upon the altar of her love—she was a girl of deep feeling, strong principles, and ambitious desires, and she would have felt a pride in immolating her very feeling, nay her very being had been necessary, to prove her truth, her trust and her love, for the noble being she had chosen as the idol of her affection. She gave up all—hope, memory and almost thought itself, to love, and that love rested upon a stranger—and in return what did she require? Love!

To reign supreme, alone, and unrivaled in the heart of him for whom she had relinquished her former existence, and whom she had followed to a home of strangers—to the object of as true devotion to her husband, as he was to her—for this she lived and moved and had her being. And in the consciousness that such had been her lot, during the five years she had spent in Natchez, it can scarcely be wondered at that their parting for the first time, should have filled her with a vague fear, or presentiment of change, against which she vainly struggled. The only cares which Isabella had experienced proceeded from the illness which her husband had suffered—sometimes when she marked his anxious face as business was spoken of, and he complained of the unsuccessfulness of his speculations, and the want of funds to prosecute schemes of aggrandizement, the wish would cross her that she could be the means of giving him those funds he seemed so earnestly to desire, and then, as she smiled upon her day-dreams and suggestions, like a true woman she forgot his want of money in the fullness of affection, and lived quite happy on their humble income.

Often had Delancy promised to accompany her to Ireland, but business had prevented him, and when he had written to her, he had been so busy that he had not time to write more than a few lines, and the recent failure of several large establishments, with which he was connected, having completely put it out of her husband's power to accompany her for an indefinite period—he judged it better for her to take their little girl and visit her aged parents, while he should attend to his affairs at home—and thus it was they parted.

Delancy's clerk returned to Natchez, Mrs. Delancy and Eva had sailed the day before he left New Orleans, in the British brig Empress, Capt. Saunders, bound for Belfast, with fair winds and pleasant weather, and Delancy had read and re-read his dispatch from Isabella, a dozen times before he slept—and fervently committing his wife and child to the protection of Heaven, he prepared his mind for those anxieties of business in which the morrow would find him immersed.

Weeks rolled on—one vessel had hailed the Empress, but they were too far apart for anything more than the "all's well" of the speaking trumpet to be borne to the American bound ship, as they passed—another vessel late in the evening had seen a brig flying from what the captain felt assured was a piratical bark, and believed from all he could ascertain that the brig was the Empress. As the pirates had recently been committing depredations in the West India Islands, and some of them had been chased into Barbadoes, where it is supposed they harbored, the public became greatly excited in New Orleans, and a well armed cutter was immediately sent in pursuit. Vain effort! Lafitte had not yet been compelled to yield to either strategy or valour, and his relentless desperadoes carried on their trade of death and robbery with impunity, upon the waters of the Gulf and almost within sight of land.

Who can describe the feelings of Delancy, as he thought even of the possibility of his young and high-spirited Isabella, being in the hands of a lawless crew of pirates? The death of his beautiful child he thought a trifle when compared to the sufferings that might be forced upon his wife—imagination enhanced all the horrors perpetrated by pirates of which he had ever read. And as days and weeks passed, his agony of mind had almost terminated in madness.

At last a negro, who was known to have been on board the Empress when she left New Orleans, had returned to that port, by a vessel which had taken him, half dead with fear and hunger, from a piece of plank many days after the last sight of the Empress had been mentioned by the papers. He could give but a very unconnected account of the voyage—still they gathered that when the pirate was first discovered to be in chase, the crew of the Empress prepared to defend her, but the passengers were so much alarmed that many of them jumped overboard and were drowned—and among these he persisted was Mrs. Delancy and her child. He too, had jumped over and swam until nearly exhausted, when he had found a plank upon which he crawled, and floated, unconscious, until found by the vessel that rescued him; and this

was all that was to be learned respecting the noble brig and her hapless crew.

Delancy derived positive relief from the idea of his wife's death, so much more horrible had been his conjectures of her fate; and as he dwelt upon those traits of character he had beheld her display, he felt that it was in keeping with her proud spirit, to clasp her daughter to her heart and seek death together, rather than that either should be defiled by the pirate's touch. Deeply, bitterly, he mourned their loss—but as he thought of them sleeping peacefully in the bosom of the ocean, his mind seemed to receive consolation in the tranquility of repose, his fancy would invest them with—visions of coral caves and sea nymphs—the music of waves and the sighing of winds, would mingle themselves in his musings, and his mind at length loved to indulge the dreams he thus created not to sadden but to soothe his loneliness.

It came to him a pious duty to write frequently to the parents of his Isabella—he spoke to them of his source of comfort, and tried to chase their griefs by the visions that had softened his own. But all minds are not susceptible of the same impressions, and they were either too old to be acted upon by such delusions, or the grief of parents differs from all other griefs—for, not many months after the intelligence reached Belfast, of the loss of the Empress, Isabella's mother sank into the grave, a victim of disappointed hopes, and of grief for a beloved child. Her father too, when he answered Delancy's letter, said, that he felt that his days were numbered—that the sands of his life had nearly run out—but that he feared not to die, for he had the Christian's hope before him, and found a high and holy consolation in the thought of soon being reunited to his wife and child.

He spoke to Delancy of the world where the spirit of Isabella was waiting for, and watching over him—and he awakened those lessons of religious hope and faith which he had learned in his youth, which now would teach him to bear his bereavement like a man, and again he became an active and useful member of society, performing the duties of his situation faithfully and with assiduity. Oh, how many a broken heart has been healed by this steady performance of duty, how many a crushed spirit soothed and strengthened, and how many weary pilgrims aided and sustained upon the path of life, by firmly and perseveringly seeking and fulfilling the duties appointed for their station, by the Almighty Disposer of all. From his heart, he often, to the mind of his wife, to see her once again, and the recent failure of several large establishments, with which he was connected, having completely put it out of her husband's power to accompany her for an indefinite period—he judged it better for her to take their little girl and visit her aged parents, while he should attend to his affairs at home—and thus it was they parted.

Delancy's clerk returned to Natchez, Mrs. Delancy and Eva had sailed the day before he left New Orleans, in the British brig Empress, Capt. Saunders, bound for Belfast, with fair winds and pleasant weather, and Delancy had read and re-read his dispatch from Isabella, a dozen times before he slept—and fervently committing his wife and child to the protection of Heaven, he prepared his mind for those anxieties of business in which the morrow would find him immersed.

Weeks rolled on—one vessel had hailed the Empress, but they were too far apart for anything more than the "all's well" of the speaking trumpet to be borne to the American bound ship, as they passed—another vessel late in the evening had seen a brig flying from what the captain felt assured was a piratical bark, and believed from all he could ascertain that the brig was the Empress. As the pirates had recently been committing depredations in the West India Islands, and some of them had been chased into Barbadoes, where it is supposed they harbored, the public became greatly excited in New Orleans, and a well armed cutter was immediately sent in pursuit. Vain effort! Lafitte had not yet been compelled to yield to either strategy or valour, and his relentless desperadoes carried on their trade of death and robbery with impunity, upon the waters of the Gulf and almost within sight of land.

Who can describe the feelings of Delancy, as he thought even of the possibility of his young and high-spirited Isabella, being in the hands of a lawless crew of pirates? The death of his beautiful child he thought a trifle when compared to the sufferings that might be forced upon his wife—imagination enhanced all the horrors perpetrated by pirates of which he had ever read. And as days and weeks passed, his agony of mind had almost terminated in madness.

At last a negro, who was known to have been on board the Empress when she left New Orleans, had returned to that port, by a vessel which had taken him, half dead with fear and hunger, from a piece of plank many days after the last sight of the Empress had been mentioned by the papers. He could give but a very unconnected account of the voyage—still they gathered that when the pirate was first discovered to be in chase, the crew of the Empress prepared to defend her, but the passengers were so much alarmed that many of them jumped overboard and were drowned—and among these he persisted was Mrs. Delancy and her child. He too, had jumped over and swam until nearly exhausted, when he had found a plank upon which he crawled, and floated, unconscious, until found by the vessel that rescued him; and this

was all that was to be learned respecting the noble brig and her hapless crew.

resemblance to Isabella appear perfect in his mind: one day he exclaimed "Isabella would have been twenty-five. Adele is not eighteen, just the age at which Isabella was married!" and whether this reflection suggested the idea or not, that night he made proposals of marriage to Adele, and was accepted.

I will not say he found a comparison after marriage quite agreeable as before, for certainly no two characters ever were more unlike than his two wives; Isabella had been proud to a fault—ambitious, deep toned and enthusiastic. Adele was mild, amiable, forgiving, and gentleness was her chief characteristic. Even in their love of Edward, the difference in their characters betrayed itself—Isabella, loving with an intensity of passion seldom seen watched with jealous solitude every look and action of her husband, lest he should do or say something that could lower him from the high pedestal upon which her love and her imagination had enthroned him. Adele loved with all the ardour of her quiet nature, and was satisfied to be loved even as the second wife of a man who had adored his first: while Isabella (could they have exchanged places) would have been wretched at the thought that any other had divided the affection of a heart over which it was her glory to reign alone. Adele never troubled herself with a thought of how much more devoted he had been to the object of his first attachment; but Edward was far happier since his marriage than he had been before he met Adele, and certainly loved her as much as he could love any in this world again.

Thus two months passed by, and they were at breakfast when a large packet was put into the hands of Delancy: his old friend and guardian Mr. Selmer brought it, and the grave manner in which he presented it, added to his immediately calling Adele to another part of the house, caused Edward to observe particularly the handwriting—but he was wholly unacquainted with it, although the post mark was New Orleans, he hastily burst the seals, and with an exclamation of mingled surprise, love and horror, recognized the well known characters of Isabella. The date of the envelope was not a week old, it contained only a few lines of passionate love, and the hopes of a speedy and joyful reunion, after a more than three years' separation, and referred Edward to the journal for all the perils she had passed. Again and again, she spoke of their meeting—their happy meeting, told him she had taught their daughter to expect him almost as anxiously as mark, that she would count the hours until his arrival in New Orleans, where she was awaiting him.

What words can speak the feelings which agitated the bosom of Delancy? The thought that Isabella, his idolized Isabella was living, filled him with unspeakable delight, and the idea of flying to meet her and their child, was only banished by hearing the sweet tones of Adele as she re-entered the parlour with Mr. Selmer. The old man looked kindly at Delancy, but there was a troubled expression on his face as he turned his eyes upon the fair young creature at his side—it seemed to say, "I know it all!" Adele saw that there was something wrong, and looked beseechingly at Edward—he felt the appeal, and would have strained her to his heart, but he knew that it would now be a sin to do so. Overcome with agony for her fate—with horror for his own—and uncertainty for the future, amounting almost to madness—the miserable man could only clasp his hands together and rush wildly out of the house. It was the painful task of Mr. Selmer to explain the situation of affairs—kindly and tenderly he did so—but what words can soften such a blow.

"Oh, grief beyond all other griefs, when fate first leaves the young heart lone and desolate in the world without that only tie, for which it loved to live—or feared to live!"

For a time she sat in speechless wonder and amazement, then suddenly seeming to realize the facts, she started up exclaiming, "Poor, poor Edward! what can he do?"—then as her thoughts reverted to her own situation, she caught Mr. Selmer by the arm, saying, "let us go—this is no place for me now—God knows how innocently I came into this house"—and for the first time she wept bitterly. "No one can blame you, Adele," said her kind friend—"you have done no wrong, but a duty is now before you to perform, my poor child, and her conscious innocence will sustain you in the trial!" "Fear not for me," she said—"we will meet no more!" Mr. Selmer conducted her to the house of a friend, and left her to solitude and prayer—and in a few days Adele was again with her aunt at Woodville.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

CHANGE IN THE TENDENCY OF CAPITAL.—A letter received by the last steamer, from a high monetary authority in London, mentions some curious facts, showing a change in the tendency of capital, which proves either that London is losing her great monetary supremacy, heretofore unquestioned, or that France is becoming very rich. The letter states that a French company with a large capital has undertaken to consolidate all the omnibus lines of London, as has already been done in Paris, and that a French bank of discount and deposit is to be established in London, with an immense capital, to compete with the Bank of England. The capital of both these companies has been subscribed, and twice as much could have been had if wanted. Formerly, French enterprises were carried on to considerable extent with English capital, but the current appears now to be changed. N. Y. Tribune.

HEAR YOUNG CARROLL.—John Carroll, Esq., the great-grandson of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who is now running on the democratic anti-know nothing ticket in Howard county, Maryland, made his first speech on Saturday last at a meeting of both parties. After speaking of the position of parties in the State and the country, he declared to the know nothings:

"I am a Catholic; but if you must prescribe, do not commence upon so humble an individual as myself. Go back to the past, and erase from the record of the Declaration of Independence the name of my ancestor, and the companion of your forefathers, CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON."

An Incident Worth Recording.

We learn from a friend, who was present at the Democratic county meeting at Deaton, on Tuesday last, that the Whigs, who were holding a meeting at the same time in another part of the town, passed a resolution to join the Democratic party, and vote the Democratic ticket at the November election; after which they formed into procession, and marched en masse, and with colors flying, towards the place where the democrats were holding their meeting. When they had nearly reached the spot over which the Democratic flag was floating on the breeze, their spokesmen advanced, and, in substance said: "Gentlemen, we wish to join the Democratic party, and hereafter to battle under the glorious banner of Democracy! Will you receive us?" A deafening shout immediately burst from the Democratic ranks, as they exclaimed: "We will! We will!" which was succeeded by cheering that might have been heard for miles around, and other exhibitions of the wildest joy. The whigs then advanced under the flag, took off their hats, and gave three hearty, hearty cheers. Then such shaking of hands, such congratulating, such shouting and other exhibitions of rejoicing, were never before witnessed in Caroline county.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided the new-made Democrats gave their promise to vote the Democratic ticket at the next election, and the meeting after transacting the usual business and listening to some able addresses, one of which was delivered by the orator of the Whig meeting, adjourned under the happiest auspices.

This is but one incident, but it exhibits in a true light the feeling now prevailing in the whig ranks over the whole country. We read in the Maryland paper uniting on the ground of the Whig Democracy, to overthrow that insidious and hideous monster Know Nothingism, so disgusting have they become with its iniquities.

Docet (Del.) State Rep., Sept. 6.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN PAUPERS.—It will be perceived by the following letter from the State Department at Washington, that the emigrant agents of Germany are patriotically endeavoring, "for their country's good," to send forth their exiled, deformed and crippled brethren to the more generous cities of America, where their material wants may be more kindly cared for:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
Washington, Sep. 3, 1855
Sir:—I have the honor to transmit to you for your information the following extract from a dispatch dated Aug. 4th, received at this department from A. D. Gall, U. S. Consul at Bremen.

"The circulars issued by the emigration agents in the interior of Germany caution emigrants who are deformed, crippled or maimed, &c., against taking passage to New York, and advise them to go by way of Baltimore, New Orleans, or Quebec, where the laws prohibiting the landing of emigrants of that class do not apply."

I am, sir, with high respect, your obedient servant.

WM. HUNTER, Ass't Sec'y.

To the Mayor of New Orleans.
Another letter addressed to Mayor Lewis by the U. S. Consul at Bremen, advises him of the same facts, and in view thereof, the Mayor has issued a circular "for the purpose of undeceiving the unwary, and cautioning all persons interested, that the laws of this State and city simply provide against the introduction of persons of vessels, and such as may introduce persons who, from whatsoever cause, may within two years after their arrival become a burthen to the public authorities, or be found guilty of any crime, misdemeanor or breach of the peace, to furnish a bond with two good sureties to the State of Louisiana, in such sum as the Mayor may think proper, not exceeding three hundred dollars for each passenger.

The Mayor further informs all persons interested that a strict observance of the laws bearing on this matter will be exacted. This is well, for an immigration of the character described cannot by any class of our citizens be deemed desirable.

N. O. Picayune.

[From the Columbia (S. C.) Times, August 29.]
Man Killed by an Elephant and the Elephant Shot.
On Saturday morning, when about five miles from Camden, the elephant belonging to Bailey & Co's Circus Company became vicious, and killed a horse which happened to be near him. Fearing that he might reach the other horses and the cages containing the animals, the first care of the attendants was to destroy the bridge, so as to cut off his approach to them. Mr. George West, who it seems, was accustomed to the management and

disposition of the elephant, did not fear him in the least & judging by his acts that he was already subdued, designed punishing him, and thought it unnecessary to secure him for that purpose; but on his approach, the elephant struck him with his trunk, killing him instantly, and then shook him violently with his trunk.— This was witnessed by most of the members of the company, but they were, of course unable to render the least assistance.

Mr. Bailey, of the proprietors, knowing that it would be dangerous to keep an animal so unruly, and fearing the consequence to either of the company or to visitors of the exhibition, determined to destroy him. The De Kalb rifle corps, of Camden, commanded by Capt. Villepique, with a number of citizens, came to the ground and opened a brisk fire upon him, soon putting out his eyes. By evening it is supposed some one hundred and fifty balls had been put into him. Over three hundred bullets had penetrated different parts of the body. His carcass is now lying in a pond near the scene of the occurrence, into which he had retreated. The animal was valued at \$10,000. Mr. West, who thus met with so melancholy a fate, was a native of Geneva, N. Y., and was highly esteemed by both proprietors and members of the company. He was buried in Camden, with the general sympathies and regret of his associates.

Indiana.

In 1702 Vincennes was settled by the French soldiers of Canada. Separated from the rest of the world; they became assimilated to the savages by whom they were surrounded, and with whom they intermarried.

At the peace between England and France, in 1763, this country came into possession of the English. In the revolutionary war the inhabitants took sides with the Americans, in consequence of which the General Government ordered to them a tract of land about Vincennes.

In 1787 the United States took possession of Vincennes and erected a fort on the opposite side of the river, for a defense against the savages. The inhabitants at that period consisted of French, Canadians and Indians. The victories and treaty of Wayne, in 1793, put an end to Indian hostilities. In 1811, in consequence of depredations and murders, a military force was sent against the Indians and the bloody battle of Tippecanoe, under General Harrison, compelled them to sue for peace.

In 1816 Indiana was admitted as a State, having been previously under territorial government, and has since rapidly progressed in population and improvement.

NOTORIOUS HORSE THIEF ARRESTED.

On Saturday last, officers Lander and Dean arrested an old offender named Richard Eno alias William Wilson, who escaped from the custody of Sheriff Cummings, of Berrien county, Michigan some two years and a half ago, by jumping out of the car window with his hands and feet heavily ironed, while the train was under rapid motion, while on his way to the Jackson Penitentiary, under a sentence of five years for horse stealing. He was identified by Capt. Bradley, and sent to Jackson to serve out his term in prison, on last Saturday night. Since his escape from Sheriff Cummings, he has been convicted of horse stealing at Plymouth, Indiana, and was sent to the Penitentiary in that State for ten years. After serving seven months under this last sentence he succeeded in obtaining a new trial, and was returned to Plymouth jail, from whence he escaped in May last, and has been following his old business of stealing horses ever since. He is said to be one of the most wary and accomplished villains in the country, and Capt. Bradley and his assistants deserve great praise for sending him where his crimes will meet with a proper reward.—CHI. Tribune.

A LUCKY AUTHOR.—The Paris correspondent of the Independent Belge vouches for the accuracy of the following anecdote:

"At Poitiers, five days since, an octogenarian, possessing a fortune of 600,000F., and without heirs, caused Dumas's 'Monte Christo' to be read to him during an illness. The work charmed him. He made inquiries about the author, and learned that he had once possessed, as St. Germain en-Laye, a property to which he had given the name of his romance, but which circumstances had obliged him to dispose of. Without caring to hear more, the invalid took a pen and thus wrote to the prolific novelist: 'Sir, I am old; I am ill; I am moderately rich. Your 'Monte Christo' has lately been read to me, and has greatly contributed to dissipate my ennui, and diminish my sufferings. Having no children, and being likely to be ere long called hence, I cannot do better than leave part of my fortune to an author to whom I owe so much. I divide my fortune, then, into two parts giving one to the poor of Poitiers and the other to you. Be so good as to receive, &c.' At first M. Alexandre Dumas doubted to believe in the authenticity of this letter, but in the course of the day a notary of Paris called upon him and satisfied him on that point."

An article in an exchange, announcing the decease of a person, says: "His remains were committed to that bourn whence no traveller returns attended by his friends."

A printer down East, whose first son happened to be a very short, fat little fellow, named him Brevier Fullface Jones.